

CRACK COMICS

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NOVEMBER
No. 57

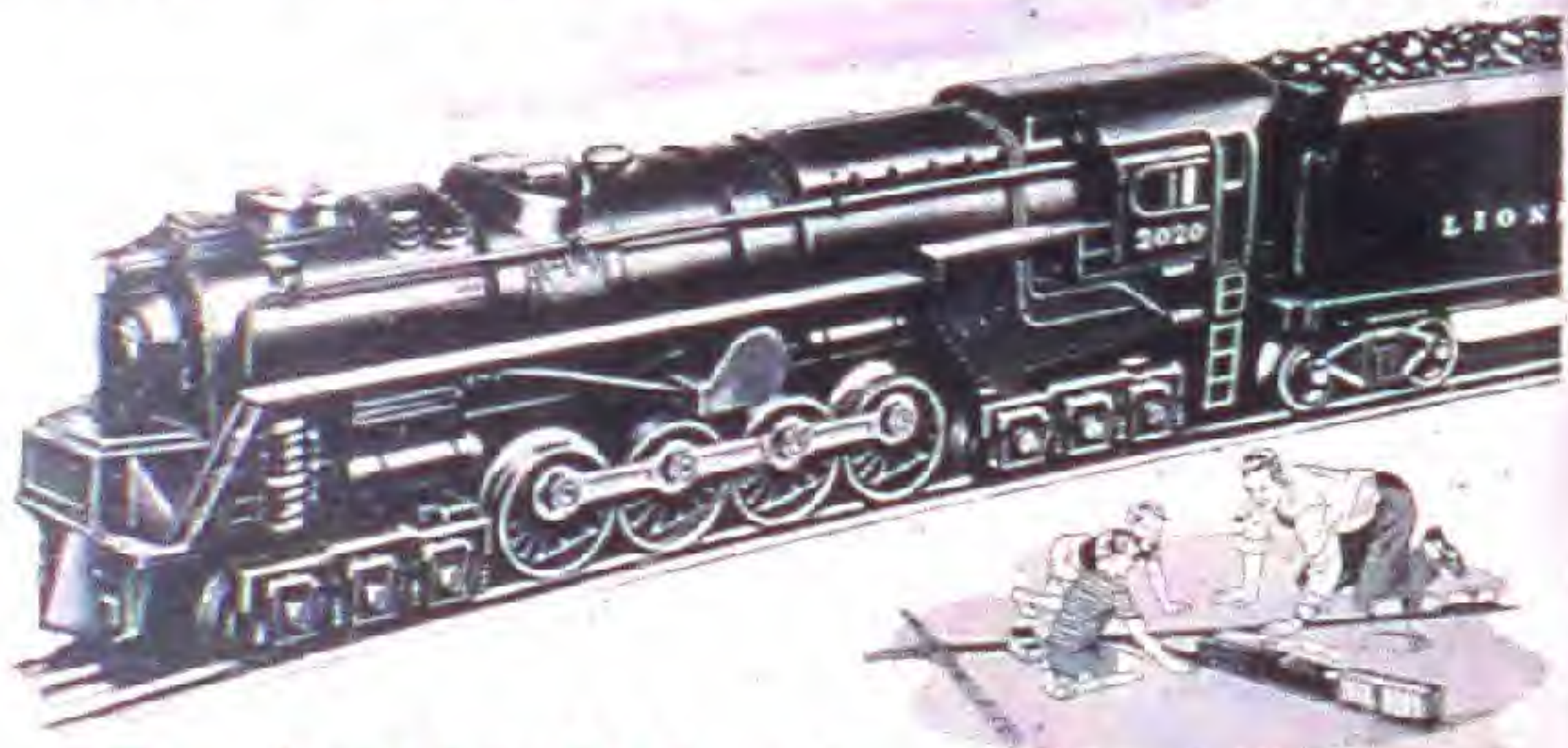
Captain **TRIUMPH**
battles
SITOK
GREEN GOD OF EVIL!



STILL 52 PAGES

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LIONEL TRAINS

CLARK & GIBSON, December 1944, No. 27. Published in memory of CLARK GIBSON, 5 Long Street, Chicago, N. Y. Executive Office, 275 National Street, Detroit, Mich. E. B. Gibson, General Manager, Chicago, E. Gibson, Editor. Entered as second-class matter March 17, 1944, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the name of No. 1, 1938. For circulation and subscription forms see editorial notices. The Publisher accepts as recommended for postpaid material. Editorial and Advertising Office, 25 West 42nd Street, New York City. E. B. Gibson, Advertising Representative, P. O. Box 100, Chicago, N. Y. 100. Western Representative, Copyright 1944 by Clark Gibson. Printed at E. B. A.

Captain TRIUMPH



Lance Gollant and the invisible spirit of his dead twin, Michael, have guarded lovely Kim Meredith through a thousand perilous adventures... separately, and... when Lance rubs the birthmark on his wrist... combined as the invincible

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

But even mighty Captain Triumph is helpless when Kim herself threatens his life in the sinister ritual of *The GREEN GOD!*

In a crowded railway station, the sight of a woman running is commonplace...



OOH! FORGIVE ME...

OUCH! SHE CERTAINLY MUST BE IN A HURRY TO CATCH HER TRAIN!

THAT'S ANOTHER REASON WE'RE GLAD TO BE BACK HOME, KIM! NO MORE RUSH OR EXCITEMENT FOR A WHILE! WHAT WE WANT IS RELAXATION!









BUT LANCE, THAT STUFFED-SHIRT AFFAIR—

IT'S IMPORTANT, BIFF! AND WE'RE GOING! BUT FIRST, LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THAT GRIP!



PUT IT DOWN HERE, BIFF! I'M SO EXCITED!

THERE'S NO KEY! I'LL HAVE TO FORCE IT OPEN!



SORRY, KIM! THAT TRUG MUST HAVE BEEN AIMING FOR THE WRONG BAG... THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS BUT OLD NEWSPAPERS!

WAIT! MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING UNDERNEATH!



WHEN? I THINK THOSE ARE REAL JEWELS ON THAT COSTUME!

IT MUST HAVE BELONGED TO THAT GIRL—BUT THERE'S NO WAY OF RETURNING IT NOW!



WELL, I KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO... HEAR THIS TO THE MASQUERADE! I'M SURE IT WILL FIT, AND NO ONE WILL WEAR ANYTHING HALF AS LOVELY!

NO POINT IN TRYING TO CHANGE KIM'S MIND! BUT MICHAEL WAS RIGHT! SHE'LL NEED PROTECTION IN THAT OUTFIT!



LATER... BETTER HURRY AND PUT ON YOUR COSTUME, LANCE! WHAT'RE YOU WEARING ANYWAY?

A REALLY UNIQUE DISGUISE, BIFF! I'M GOING TO THE BALL AS—
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

Quickly rubbing the T-shaped birth-mark on his wrist, Lance Gallant combines with the spirit of his twin brother, Michael, to become the indomitable **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!**



LUCKILY, NO ONE BUT KIM AND YOU KNOW WHO CAPTAIN TRIUMPH REALLY IS! THEY'LL ALL THINK I'M IN COSTUME!



CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! IS SOMETHING WRONG?

DON'T WORRY, KIM! ONLY A NOTION OF MICHAEL'S! WE'LL PRETEND I'M JUST LANCE IN COSTUME! BETTER HURRY OR WE'LL BE LATE!

KIM, MY DEAR, THAT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL COSTUME HERE! I'M SURE YOU'LL WIN THE PRIZE! AND LANCE, YOU WERE SO ORIGINAL TO COME AS CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

AND NOW DO YOU LIKE MY GETUP, MRS. VAN DEUSEN?



ER—HA, HA—WELL, IT *IS* UNUSUAL! BUT HURRY, CHILDREN! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO JOIN IN A REAL OLD-FASHIONED SQUARE DANCE!

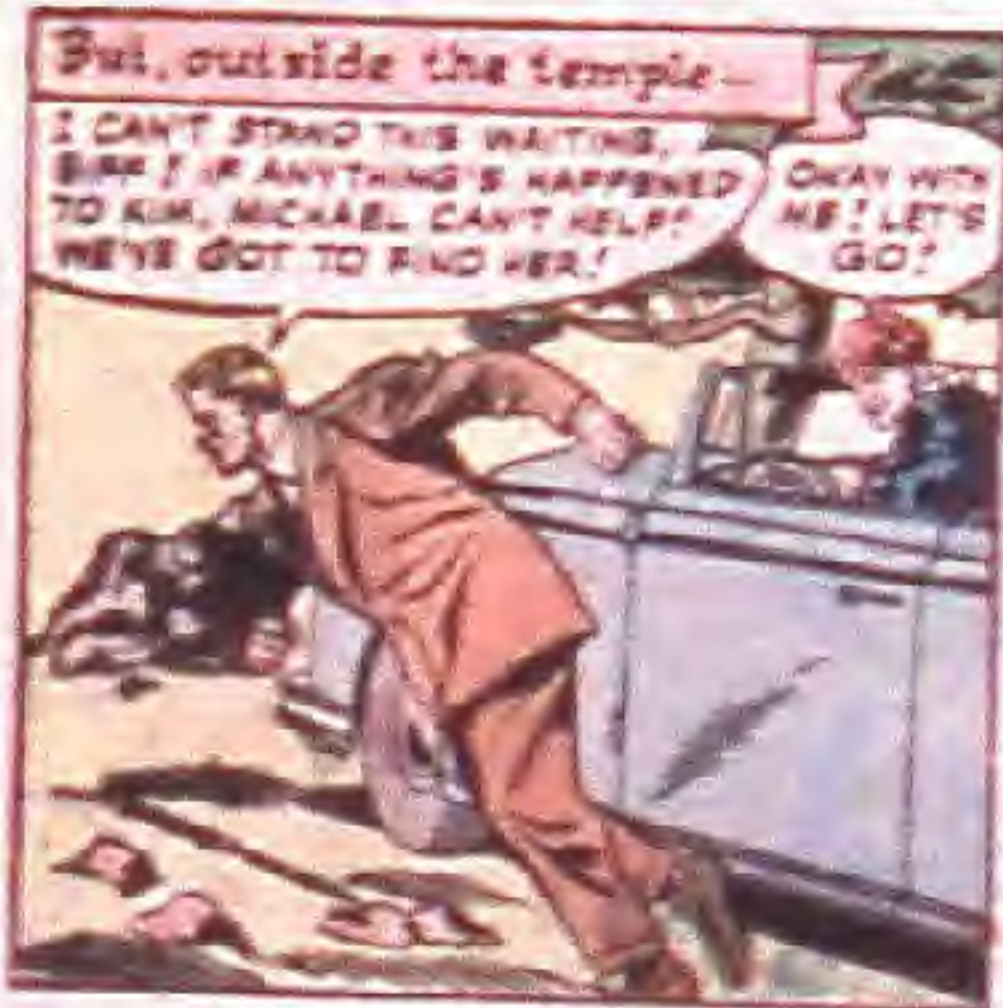


FANCY GETUPS, SQUARE DANCES—IF THIS IS A PARTY, I'LL TAKE A GOOD FIGHT ANY DAY!













CRACK COMICS









IT'S 11:30! THAT MEANS I WAS UN-CONSCIOUS OVER TWO HOURS! WHAT HAPPENED, ANYWAY? ALL I REMEMBER IS THAT AWFUL STATUE!

YOU WERE - ER - DRUGGED, KIM! BUT THAT'S PAST! IF WE HURRY, WE CAN GET BACK TO THE BALL IN TIME FOR COSTUME JUDGING!

THERE YOU ARE, CHILDREN! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D MISS THE JUDGING! DID YOU GO TO ANOTHER PARTY?

NEAR! AND IT REALLY PACKED A WALLOP!



AND THE FINAL DECISION OF THE JUDGES...

QUITE A CONTRAST TO THE LAST COSTUMES WE SAW, ER, BIFF?

...IS MOST BEAUTIFUL COSTUME, KIM HEREDITH! MOST ORIGINAL, LARGE, GALLANT! AND ER - JAY - MOST AMUSING, BIFF BANKS!

W-W-WY GOODNESS! MAYBE THIS WAS MY LUCKY DAY AFTER ALL - IN A WAY!



...AND TO YOU, MISS HEREDITH, IN HONOR OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL GOAW, AND AS A COMPLIMENT TO IT, WE PRESENT -

...THIS RARE EGYPTIAN STATUETTE IN SOLID JADE!

OH - ER - KIM!



Slim Pickens



SOMEHOW I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS O' THIS SUBWAY CON-TRAPTION, BUT THEY SAY IT'S THE BEST WAY O' GETTIN' UPTOWN!



LOCKED ME OUT, RUN?



SAY, LISTEN, FELLER— I GOT AS MUCH RIGHT TO GO IN THE SUBWAY AS THEM CITY FOLKS! NOW, OPEN THET GATE!

KEY!



LOOK, HAYSEED, YOU PUT A NICKEL IN THE SLOT AND THE GATE OPENS!

I GOTTA PAY? WELL, OKAY— AS LONG AS IT'S TH' BEST WAY O' GETTIN' AROUND IN THIS HERE CITY!



TEN minutes later— YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD HIM BAWL ME OUT FOR— GWARK! HE'S BACK AGAIN!

THE BEST WAY O' GETTIN' AROUND— GIMME M' NICKEL BACK, Y'CLIP— JOINT OPERATOR!

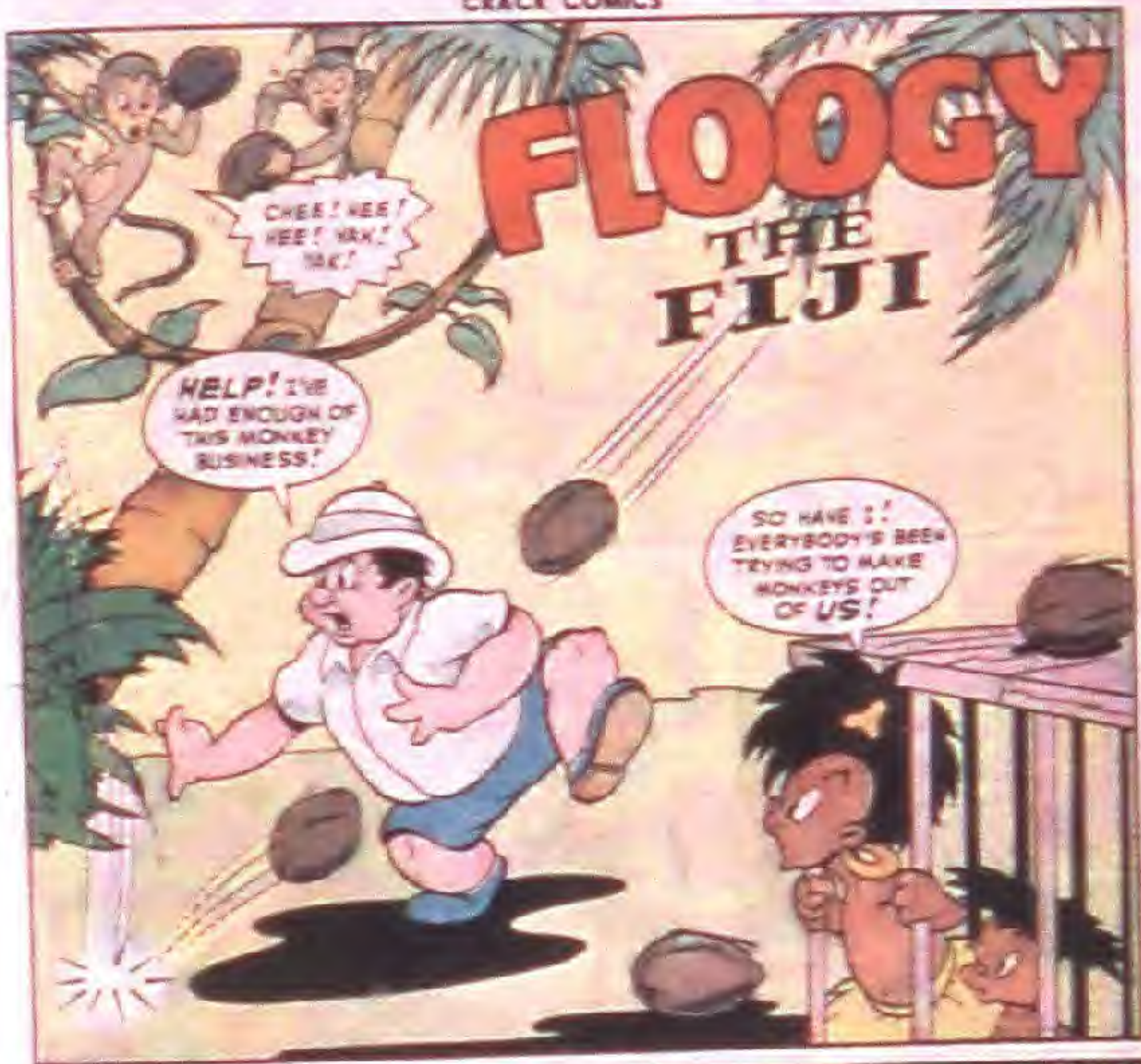


THERE'S A NICE WIDE STREET UPSTAIRS WHERE I KIN WALK FER FREE— SO IF Y' THINK I'M GONNA PAY T' STUMBLE ALONG THET DARK NARREY ONE O' YOURN, YOU'RE NUTS!

HUH?



AN' ANYWAY— TAIN'T SAFE WITH THEM TRAINS BUZZIN PAST YUH S' CLOSE THEY ALMOST RUN OVER YUH!











BE A GOOD
GIRL WHILE
I'M GONE.
GERTIE!

Molly the Model

WHILE YOU'RE GONE I'M
GONNA THINK UP WAYS
TO MAKE YOU FAMOUS,
AUNT MOLLY!

JUST LOOK AT THAT BEYOOOTIFUL
BIG BATHING-SUIT POSTER
SHE POSED FOR!



I'LL JUST BET IF I WAS
TO CUT THAT THING OUT
AND PUT IT IN THE RIGHT
PLACE THAT...

...MORE PEOPLE WOULD BE
SURE TO NOTICE HER AND
MAKE HER FAMOUS!

ANYWAY, THERE'S NO
HARM N' TRYIN'!



Later...



I WONDER
WHAT THAT
CROWD'S
DOING
HERE?

YOU'VE
GOT ME,
AUNT
MOLLY!
I DON'T
SEE
ANYTHING
GOING
ON!

Molly the Model

A FINE MASK
BALL THIS IS,
WHEN I CAN'T
FIND MY OWN
GIRL, MOLLY,
ANYWHERE?



THE LONGER I
LOOK, THE MORE
I'M BEGINNING
TO FEEL IN A
KEEPING WITH
MY COSTUME!



IF SHE'S SITTING OUT THIS
DANCE WITH SOME OTHER GUY,
I'LL READ THE ENT LINE
FROM LINE.
S'HELP ME!



SO!

ON, PLAY SOME MORE,
FELPOT!—AND I JUST
ADORE YOUR
COSTUME!



THANKS
MOLLY!

OUTSIDE—YOU
SPURIOUS SERRAP
YOU!



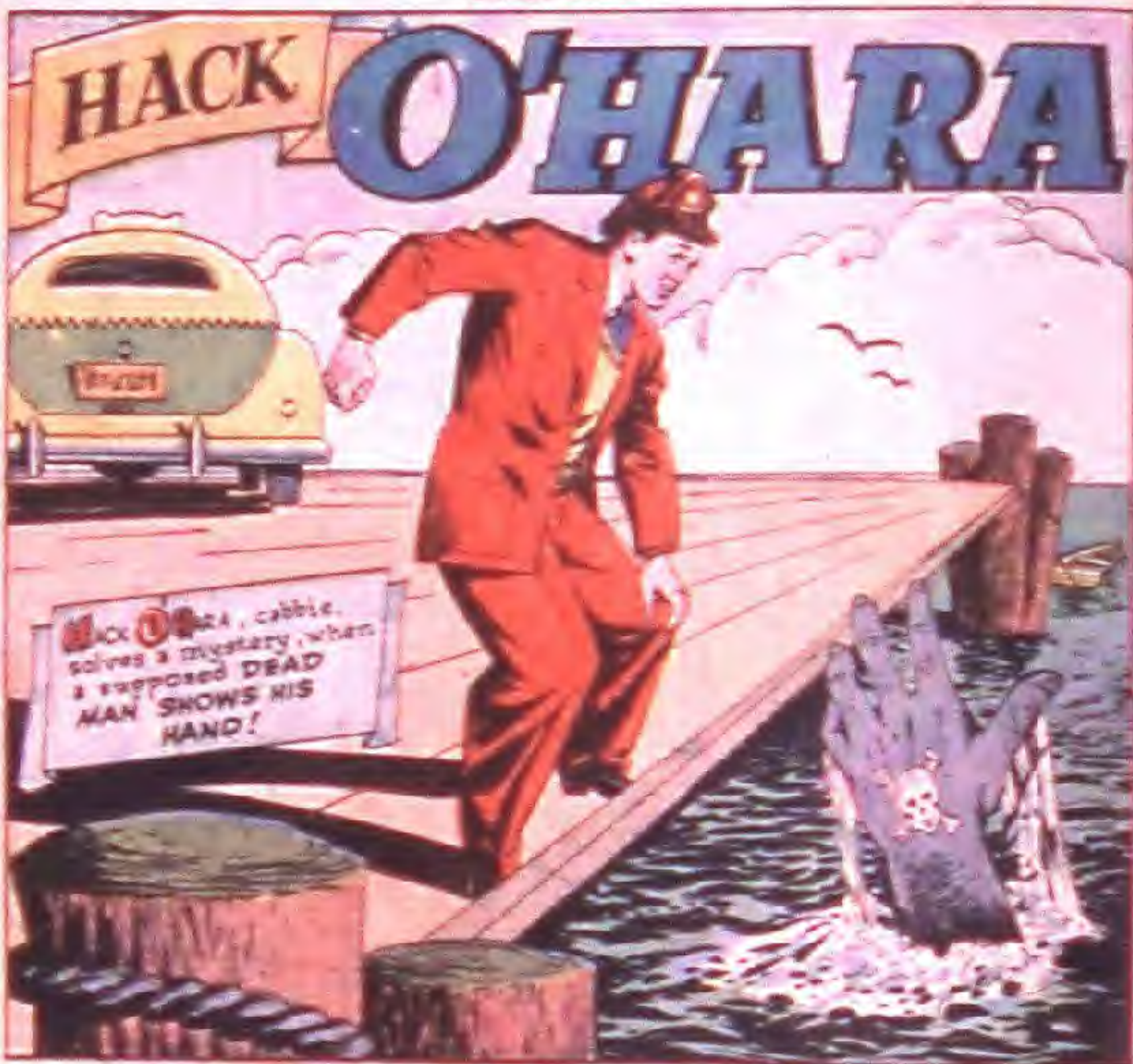
BILL, DO
YOU SEE
WHAT I
SEE?

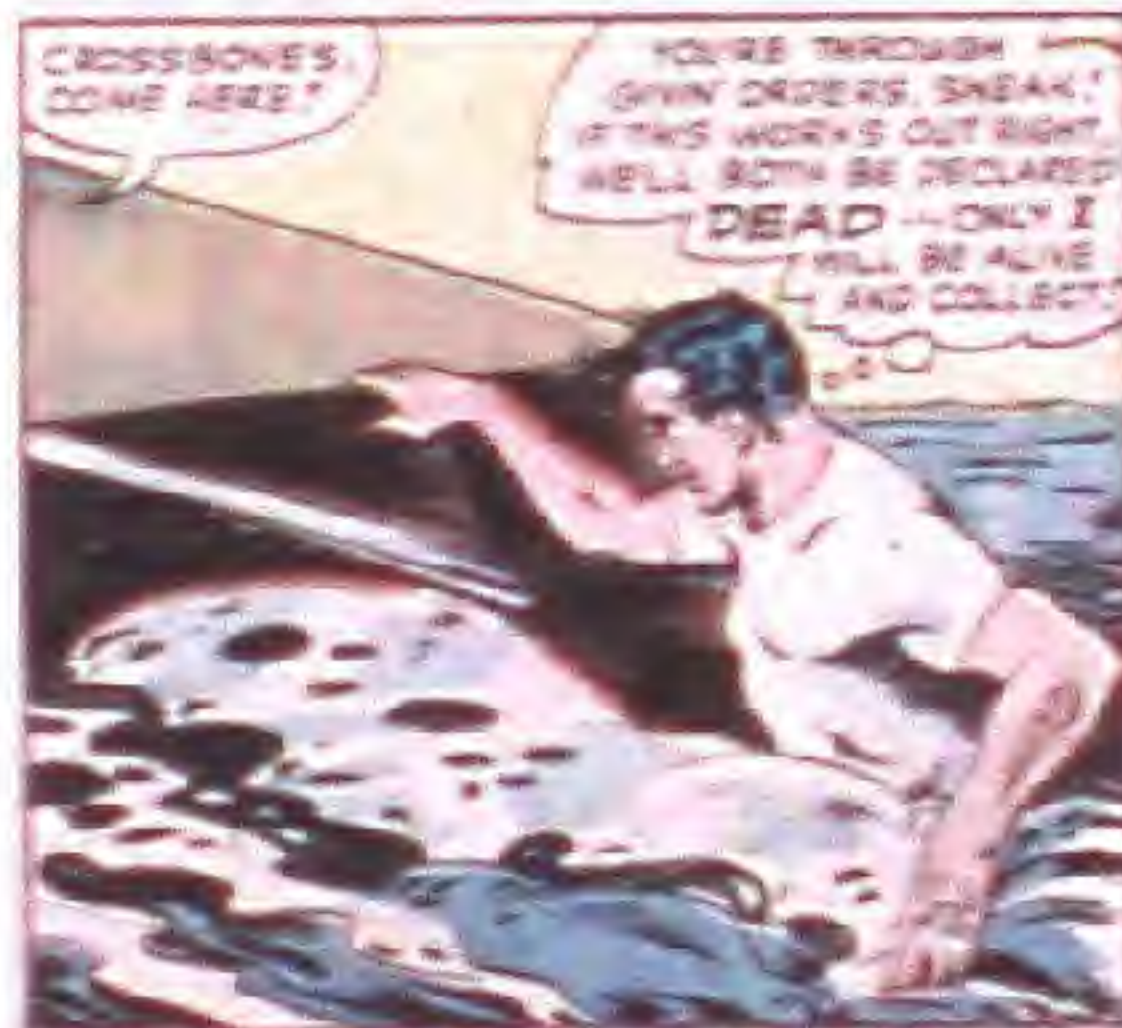
YUP, AND IT JUST
ABOUT CONFIRMS
MY IDEA OF WHO
IS RUNNING
THINGS TODAY!

PLAY THAT LYRE FOR ALL YOU'RE
WORTH! IT'S AN INSTRUMENT
WITH A PERFECT NAME FOR
A GUY LIKE YOU!

HELP!
HELP!













CRACK COMICS



THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL DRIVING WITH BOTH HANDS! DO YOU GET THE POINT OF THIS LEFT HOOK?

UGH!



GET OUT, CROSSBONES! LET'S BRING YOU AND YOUR RACKET OUT IN THE OPEN!

YOU CRUMMY RACKET! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!



DON'T GO OVERBOARD, CROSSBONES! YOU ALREADY HAVE ONE DEAD MAN TO ACCOUNT FOR!



I'D BETTER FRISK HIM, JUST IN CASE HE HAS A GUN—WOW! HERE'S ENOUGH ICE TO KEEP CROSSBONES IN THE COOLER FOR A LONG TIME!



WELL, HARK, THERE'S STILL NO FURTHER CLUE TO THE MYSTERY! IT LOOKS AS IF SNEAK AND CROSSBONES SAVED THE LAW SOME TROUBLE BY CHOOSING A WATERY GRAVE!

AFRAID I CAN'T AGREE WITH YOU, LIEUTENANT!



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS TATTOO! AND WITH A LITTLE COAXING, I'M SURE THIS "CORPSE" CAN CONFESS PLENTY TO CLEAR UP THIS CASE!

CROSSBONES! WELL, I'LL BE—



Later...

THAT'S THE STORY, HARK! THE SMUGGLING RACKET DIDN'T PAY OFF WELL ENOUGH TO SUIT CROSSBONES, SO NOW HE'LL PAY WITH HIS LIFE FOR MURDER!

YEP! NO MATTER HOW SMART A CROOK IS, LIEUTENANT HARDY, IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER HE EVENTUALLY SHOWS HIS HAND!

PEN MILLER





AMIR... LOOKS LIKE THE RATS ARE WIPING EACH OTHER OUT, EH CHIEF?

YEAH, THEY'RE SAYING THE STATE PLENTY OF DOUGH, BUT I'VE STILL GOTTA PIN THE RAP ON SOMEBODY!

HOW ABOUT A COUPLE OF JURY KITS FOR MY STRIP, CHIEF?

IT'S THE DAVIS AND DAUG MOSS--THEY'VE BEEN BATTLING IT OUT FOR THE PROTECTION RACKET! CHOP DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND I'LL GIVE YOU MORE DOPE PEN!



BOTH FROM THE SAME GUN, PEN! WE'RE ALMOST SURE IT'S DUM-DUM DAVIS' GUN, BUT WE CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING UNLESS WE GRAB HIM WITH THE GUN ON HIS PERSON!

YOU'RE RIGHT, PEN! THE BARREL OF THE GUN THAT FIRED THESE BULLETS HAS A MARKED DEFECT--NOT ONLY IS THE INTERIOR OF THE BARREL MARRED BUT THE FIRING ACTION IS WARPING THE BARREL, BESIDES!

SAY, THAT'S PRETTY DANGEROUS, ISN'T IT?

THESE BULLETS ARE PRETTY BADLY SCARRED, AREN'T THEY?



YEP, IT'S DANGEROUS EITHER WAY--ON THE SHOOTING END OR THE RECEIVING END!

CHIEF, I CAN USE THIS STORY FOR MY STRIP AND I'VE GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA HOW TO LURE DUM-DUM INTO THE OPEN!



BZZZ--
BZZZ--
BZZZ--

WHAT? ARE YOU NUTS, MILLER? I CAN'T ASSUME RESPONSIBILITY FOR A HARE-BRAINED GAG LIKE THAT! NOTHING DOING!



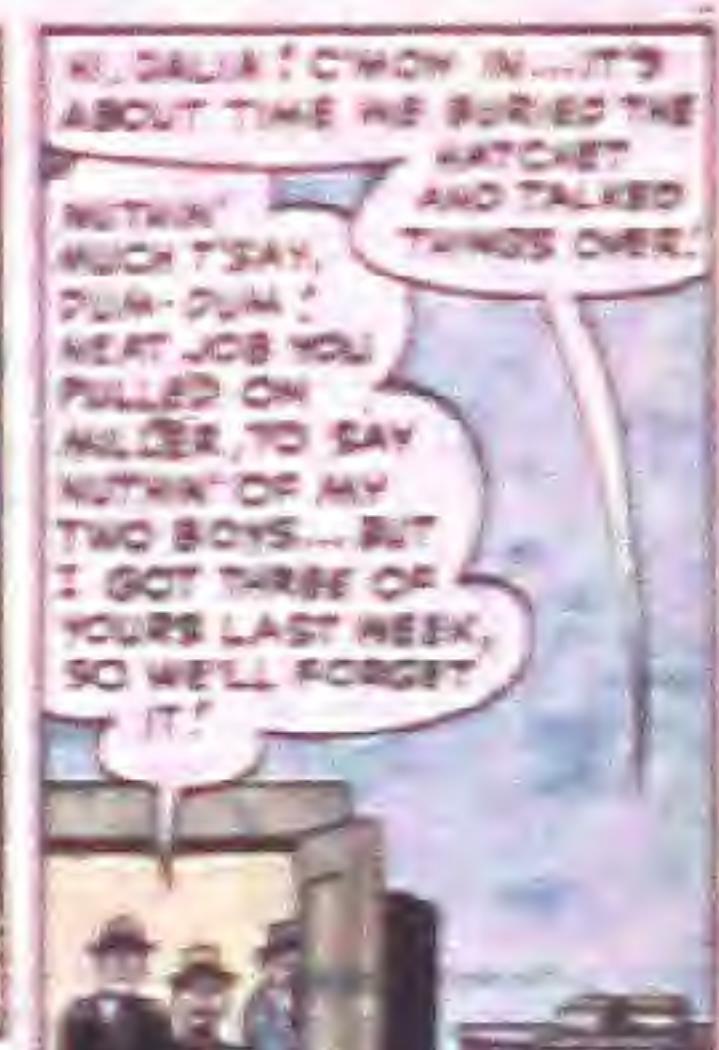
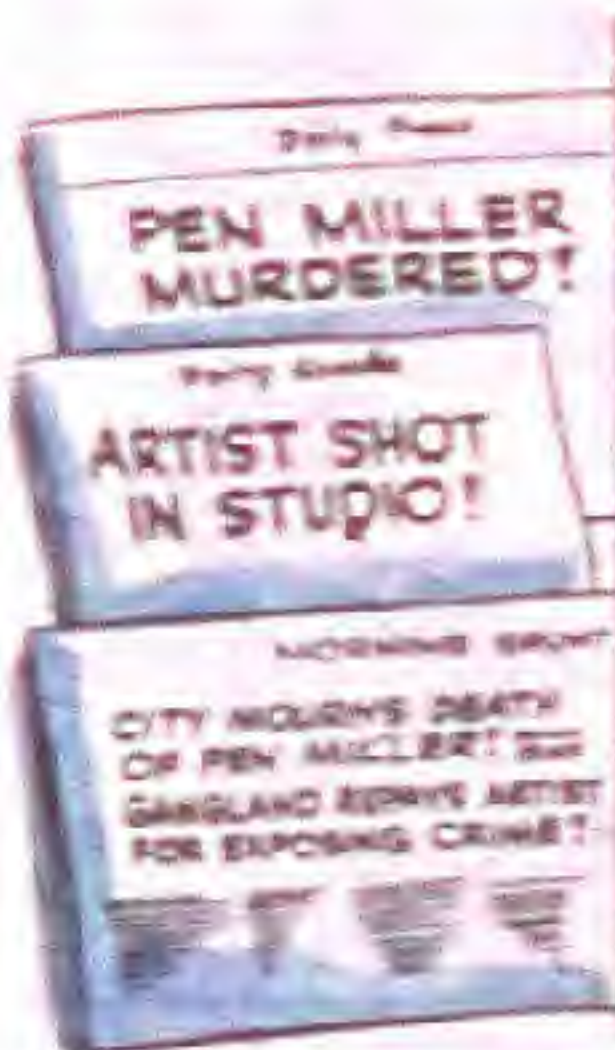
Later...

THERE SHE IS, CHOP! SHOOT IT DOWN TO THE BOSS FOR THE AFTERNOON ISSUE!

WHEN! YOU TAKE PLENTY CHANCES WITH THIS STRIP, NIST MILLER! MAYBE WE SAY GOOD-BYE FOR LAST TIME!



CRACK COMICS





BEEZY













BUFF thrashed on his back in the snow, waving ski and ski poles in the air. "What's the use of getting up?" he growled. "I'll just fall again."

Lance Gallant and Kim, standing on their skis, laughed at him—until suddenly Kim's feet flew out from under her and she joined Bill. The three friends were on the first day of their first ski trip at the newly opened Flying Skis Ranch, high in the Colorado mountains.

"C'mon," Lance called to the others. "The race is about to begin. Let's give up our own struggles for awhile and go watch it." The trio joined a crowd gathered at the foot of the steep Flying Skis trail.

There was much excitement over this race. The owners of the Flying Skis Ranch, a million dollar development, had gone all out to make it the most luxurious and best known resort in the country. To publicize its opening, they had sponsored this Flying Skis Derby, offering a cash prize of \$10,000 to the winner. It was expected that the race would be fast and hard fought.

The starting point at the top of the trail could not be seen. The crowd leaned forward breathless, awaiting the moment when the first skier would flash out of the trees into the open section of the trail, high on the mountain. The skiers would come down singly, racing against time. The faster skiers were always scheduled to come down a course first, to prevent the mishap of a fast skier overtaking a slower one, so the first few minutes of the race might well see the winner tearing down the trail.

"Two—one—Go!" The starter's voice boomed, being relayed to the starting point by telephone, and the people pushed forward, staring at the white slash in the woods above their heads. Then a figure appeared, a tiny object from that distance, speeding forward in a low crouch. The skier moved like a streak

across the snow, traveling at incredible speed.

Suddenly there was a gasp from the crowd. So quickly they could scarcely realize it, the figure seemed to leap into the air and to fall forward, plunging from the trail into the woods still travelling at that awful speed. Even so far below, they could hear the cracking sound of splintering wood—and then silence.

Exclamations of horror broke out, and a race official rushed toward the starter's booth. Even while he ran, the second racer, unaware of what had happened, appeared on the mountain. The crowd watched as he zoomed down toward the scene of the accident—and then, incredibly, he, too, fell and disappeared, crashing into the woods.

Quickly the starter relayed up the mountain an order to stop the race and to send down the ski patrol. But it was already too late to stop the third racer. Like watching a movie film for the third time, the crowd saw the same accident repeat itself. The three fastest skiers in the race had, unbelievably, crashed at the same point on the trail. Two of them were rushed to the hospital, badly injured. The third man was dead.

Gloom spread over the Flying Skis Ranch, replacing the healthy excitement that had preceded the ill-fated race. Lance, with Kim and Bill, listened for awhile to the conversation of the crowd. Then Lance made his way to the group of officials who had quickly completed an investigation.

"Nothing to show what caused it," one of them explained. "The snow surface was in fine shape, and it's the least dangerous stretch on the trail. That's why they were travelling at such speed. We don't know how to account for the accidents!"

Finally, with an official stationed at each side of the fatal spot, the race was continued. There were no more accidents, but the racers were uneasy. They checked and turned, and

never permitted themselves to attain the high speeds of the first three men—with but one exception. One man came down the course at normal speed, and was the outstanding winner of this first heat. If he could hold his own the next day, in the second and final heat, he would walk away with the \$10,000 prize.

After the race was over, Lance, on a pair of snowshoes, made his way to the scene of the accidents and went over the ground. To one side of the trail he found a small piece of strong wire, which he carefully placed in his pocket. That night he conferred with the racing officials. He asked one question, which resulted in a phone call to the hospital and one to the undertaker's establishment.

"Yes," said the official who made the calls, turning to Lance with surprise. "you're right! There was a welt across each man's legs, just above the ankle. Do you know what it means?"

Taking the strand of wire from his pocket, Lance explained his theory. Someone hiding beside the trail had stretched a piece of wire across it, where it would trip each ill-fated contestant. Travelling at such speed, they were sure to crash. After each one passed, the man could jerk the wire back into position without leaving his hiding place.

"But who would do such an awful thing?" one of the men protested.

"The man who now stands to win \$10,000—with the three best skiers out of the picture, and the others too frightened to put on a good race."

"Allen!" he official exclaimed, naming the one racer who had made good time. "He wouldn't have stood a chance with the three injured men in the race. Now, he is certain to win."

"It's murder," another man cried. "Let's call the police and have him arrested."

"Not so fast," Lance cautioned. "We can feel fairly certain that Allen is the man—but there is no proof. He took care not to be seen. He didn't reach the starting point of the race until late, after the accidents; but he explained that by saying he'd had a broken binding he had to replace. There is not one bit of evidence to pin the crimes on Allen—

yet." Then Lance explained his plan to them.

The next morning there were rumors flying over the Ranch, rumors carefully started by the race officials. A new contestant had entered the race, a skier so fast that he felt he could win the \$10,000 prize, even though, by special permission, he entered only the second heat! Excitement mounted as race time approached.

"What do you think, Lance?" Kim asked. "Could a man possibly ski that fast?"

"Here's your number, sir," one of the attendants said, handing Lance a placard to hang on his sweater. "You're the first man down—better get up to the starting point."

"You!" Kim and Biff stared at Lance, openmouthed. "You're the new contestant!" Lance grinned.

"But Lance . . ." Kim protested. "You'll be killed! You can't ski!"

"Just keep that under your hat," Lance cautioned. "Remember, I'll have some assistance when I'm on the mountain."

"I get it," Kim nodded. Out of sight of the crowd, Lance would rub the birthmark on his left wrist. The spirit of his dead brother, Michael, would enter his body. Together they would become the invincible Captain Triumph, whose incredible muscular control could master anything, even skiing.

That is what happened. When the crowd watched the first racer of the day come out of the woods, he was travelling like an express train. He reached the site of the accidents, and once more the crowd gasped. He fell forward—but instead of crashing, he seemed to glide through the air, then come down safely on his skis once more! It was unbelievable—except to Kim and Biff, who knew it was Captain Triumph.

As Lance had expected, when Allen heard of the sensational new contestant he had had to set his trap again, afraid to take a chance of losing the \$10,000 prize. Captain Triumph had come down the trail into the trap, which to him was no threat. And officials hiding at the spot had caught Allen in the act and turned him over to the police, to be tried for murder.

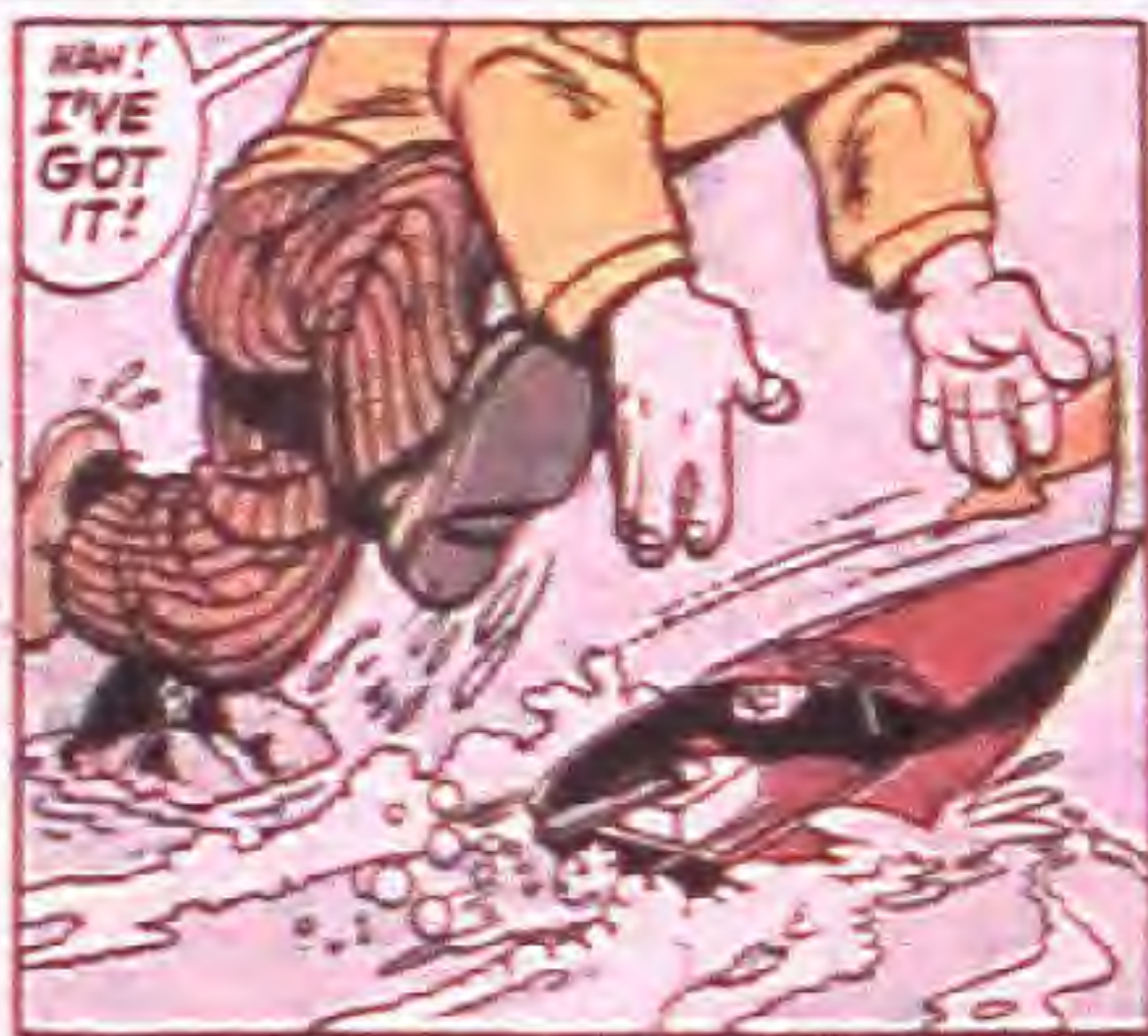
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American Nuclear Association

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 101-106.
 2. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 107-112.
 3. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 113-118.



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at a press meeting on Thursday.
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